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SIXPENCE.

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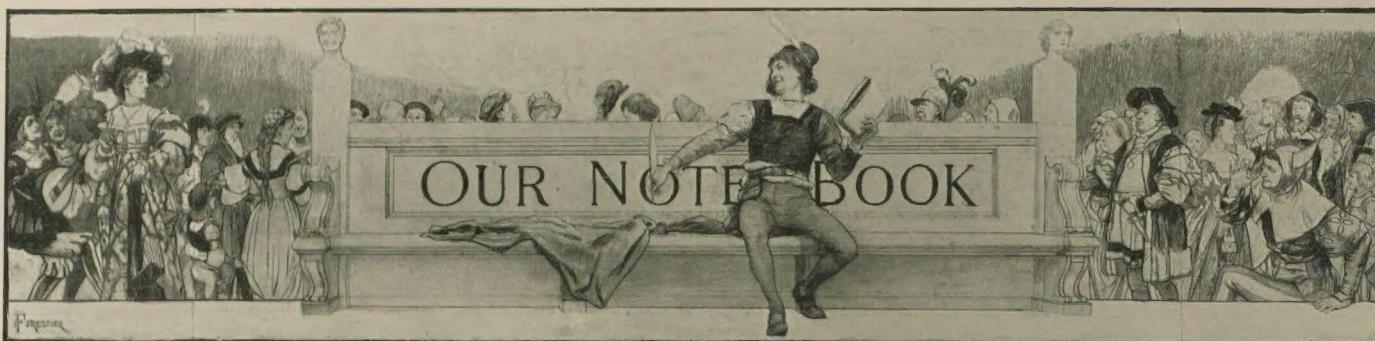


WAR THAT DOES NOT SPARE THE HOUSE OF GOD: A WRECKED ALTAR AND STATUES IN A CHURCH AT VERDUN.

Next to the incalculable amount of human suffering caused by the war which Germany brought upon the world, its most distressing feature has been the destruction of so many old buildings, venerated either for their sacred character or their architectural beauty and historical associations. The guilt of all this vandalism must lie at the

doors of the aggressors in the war, notwithstanding the fact that such buildings must sometimes inevitably suffer from the guns of the Allies. The Germans, however, have notoriously from the first made a dead set at churches and cathedrals, for the faith which these represent is at variance with their own cynical materialism.

FRENCH WAR OFFICE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE most curious factor for the moment is the gross excess of the German admiration for England. The phrase may seem itself exaggerated; but it is a very practical and even prosaic truth. The Prussian praise of England appears plainly enough in calling her "brutal" and "tyrannical," in showing her as shamelessly piratical and pitilessly imperious, in insisting that she will stick at nothing in browbeating her Allies and butchering her enemies. These are the most respectful things that Prussians can possibly say of us, for they are the things that Prussians perpetually said of Prussia. Their new insults to us are simply their old compliments to themselves. What tenderer or more graceful tribute could a modern German pay to us than to say that we work with blood and iron, like Bismarck; that we break brutally like oak through weaker woods, as in the simile of Harden; that we make Attila the pattern of our Imperialism, as did the German Emperor; that we boast that glory will efface everything, as did the German General; that we too proclaim with a trumpet the necessity of a certain frightfulness; that we too warn all peoples through whom we pass that we will leave them only their eyes to weep with? It is a slander, but it is not an insult. It is made up of the very terms of eulogy with which they have crowned and caressed all their own heroes and conquerors for two hundred years. Even the German Chancellor, the mildest-mannered man that ever raided a neutral neighbour, said something about the impossibility of any non-German person understanding German morality, gently insinuating that to the unpurged eye it had much the appearance of immorality. That the strong mind is "beyond good and evil," in the average human sense, was, in Germany before the war, a commonplace of culture, which is often a scrap-book of such commonplaces. We ought to regard the new titles given to us as new degrees and diplomas conferred by that insane university: as if we were now doctors of lawlessness and professors of the inhumanities. If the worst they say of us were as true as it is false, we could only answer that Germany has justified her claim: she is indeed educating the world.

Nor is the truth here merely ironical. In a sense, it is true that Germany admires us more than our Allies—and much more, I am happy to say, than we deserve. It must be remembered, to begin with, that Germany is still stiff with certain frozen fallacies of ethnology which for us have already melted in the awful furnace of fact. I have already remarked, but I think it should be often remembered, that the culture of the German lacks a certain final touch of flexibility. He can learn; but he cannot unlearn. These men believe they are Teutons; they believe we are Teutons; they believe it is very important to be a Teuton; they believe astounding things. They are quite certain that a pallid Semi-Slav person from the Baltic Plain and a dark-haired, brown-faced person from the Welsh marches or the West Country could embrace like long-lost brothers for the sake of some fairy-tale which describes them both as golden-haired princes. They believe that blood is thicker than

water; they also believe that blood is more obvious than bloodshed. These fancies being quite fixed in them, it is really not a matter of indifference for them to keep the plan for a world-tyranny in the family. Numbers of them would really prefer to strike their colours to us, whom they have labelled Teutonic, than to the French, whom they have labelled Decadent, or the Russians, whom they have labelled Oriental. It is consonant to their cosmic and historic philosophy to suppose, however reluctantly, that some other branch of "the Teutonic race" has seized and still holds the empire of the planet. And that such a race, having such an empire, should be disdainful and domineering, hunting men like beasts or breaking tribes like toys—these things they hardly, in their hearts, regard even as the faults of empire, but rather as its credentials. In half their modern books of rhetoric and ethical speculation such things are again

piece of flattery to which we must be deaf, as to the whisper of devils or the words of a maniac. For the object of this notion of the Great Enemy is to establish a great lie: the foundation of false history and of future war. It is that, if the war ends as it ought to end, the fall of Germany will be wrought by the jealousy of another Germany.

The quarrel of the Prussian is with mankind. We are on the human side in that quarrel. But the greatness of England in the war has been itself a growth of the war. So far from having foredoomed our enemies, we came uncomfortably near to failing our friends. Thinking, as I do, that the cynicism of Berlin has been in Europe a thing like vitriol, I might very well be proud to claim that my own countrymen were among the first who set their minds to detect and destroy it. But I am absolutely certain that they did nothing of the kind. Humour, which is the sentinel of humility, should alone warn us not to claim as a diplomatic exploit the doubts of 1914 and the vacillation and delay of the four days. It will be better to admit that we were somewhat comically the dupes of the Hohenzollerns than to lay any claim to being the detectives who arrested them. If any Power, outside the small peoples, can be said to have kept in permanent memory the clear mind of Europe in this matter, that credit is certainly a part of the tragedy and the glory of France. If any people has kept its spiritual nerves in that sensitive simplicity, which can smell mere spiritual pride a mile off and know it for a walking pestilence, it is rather the people of Russia. That almost every approximately normal Englishman is now at war with the Northern madness, as men war with typhus or leprosy, is perfectly true; but this has

not been because our medical experts could never be mistaken, but because the madness has been so very unmistakable. It has been written in large letters like a sky-sign, and literally upon the sky; it has been spelled out in words of one syllable, such as death and hell. But certainly the common Englishmen, such as compose our armies, hardly ever learnt to hate the barbarian until they had learnt to fight him. *Solvitur ambulando*; these things were learnt upon the march.

Similarly, we must learn to laugh at the exaggerated praise of our strength, as well as at the exaggerated praise of our foresight. Our country is one of the Great Powers of the world; it has never dreamed of being the one Great Power, whatever Germany may have dreamed of being. The talk of freeing the whole world from the British Navy is extravagant nonsense, as extravagant as talking about freeing the whole world from the Russian Army—which is numerically and ultimately much larger than any other. I believe that the Englishman will resist these recent attempts of the German to turn his head as vigorously as he has resisted the earlier attempts of the German to break it. But it may be worth while to note this danger with the others: the danger of our own statesmen or historians accepting from these wild tribes the worship which they have always given to tyrants.



THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MR. BALFOUR IN A CAPTURED VILLAGE.
Official Photograph.

and again spoken of as the very signs of superiority. And, while they doubtless would not admit that the Englishman is superior to the German, they might well admit, or even proclaim, that he is superior to everybody else.

Now, whether or no there is in the Englishman any considerable element of the German, there is in every son of Adam a very considerable element of the fool. It is to the fool in us, and (as encouraged by much of our recent culture) to the German in us, that this evil and inverted flattery may appeal. It can be said of us also that strength is our great weakness. It has been found with us also that the way to get on our weak side was to be perpetually talking about our strong side. These things in England have never, thank God, reached the German savagery, for they have never been assisted by the German solemnity. A certain laughter, on which the English common people have lived when starved both of religion and democracy, has always prevented most of us from being fooled to the top of our Teutonic bent. But there is enough left of our Pro-German period, especially in the educated classes, to make it possible that some may fall into this Teutonic trap, and play the part assigned them in this Teutonic triumph. For it is a trap; and the deadliest yet laid for us. This suggestion of England as the Great Enemy is a

WITH THE CAMERA ON CAMPAIGN: RUSSIAN ARMY SNAPSHOT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHOURSKY KORSAKOFF.

The collage consists of six photographs arranged in a grid-like fashion:

- Top Left:** Putting a field battery on the train; gunners running up an ammunition-wagon on to a truck.
- Top Right:** In celebration of the Emperor's Fête Day: a camp-bugler sounding the call to fall in for prayers.
- Middle Left:** For getting the wounded comfortably over rough ground: a Siberian pony field-ambulance litter.
- Middle Right:** A Russian regulation practice before every important move: an officers' conference at staff headquarters.
- Bottom Left:** A distribution of gifts of underwear sent for general distribution: soldiers casting lots for the various articles.
- Bottom Right:** Part barrack-square exercise, part sport: a company "tug of war" between representative teams.

A Russian field-artillery battery is seen being entrained at a railway siding "somewhere" on one of the various fronts where the troops of our Ally are fighting. One of the guns is already in position on its truck, and the men of the gun section are seen running up an ammunition-wagon on to another truck by means of one of the wooden ramps, always carried with artillery trains in all armies, for entraining and detraining the guns and gun-carriages where no platform is available.—In the second illustration a Russian bugler is seen sounding the call to fall in for prayers in camp on the Emperor's Fête

Day, before the special religious service which was held everywhere with the Russian Army in the field.—A field-ambulance pony-litter, specially devised for getting a wounded man rapidly and comfortably over rough ground—originally a French Algerian Army device, but now adopted in all armies—is shown in the third illustration, "horsed" by a pair of sturdy, sure-footed Siberian ponies.—In the fifth illustration we have a curious and interesting instance of one of the regimental customs in vogue in the Russian service—a method that, at least, should ensure fairness for all.

"A MUSEUM OF BATTLE . . . DESERTED BY ALL BUT THE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WELL-KNOWN

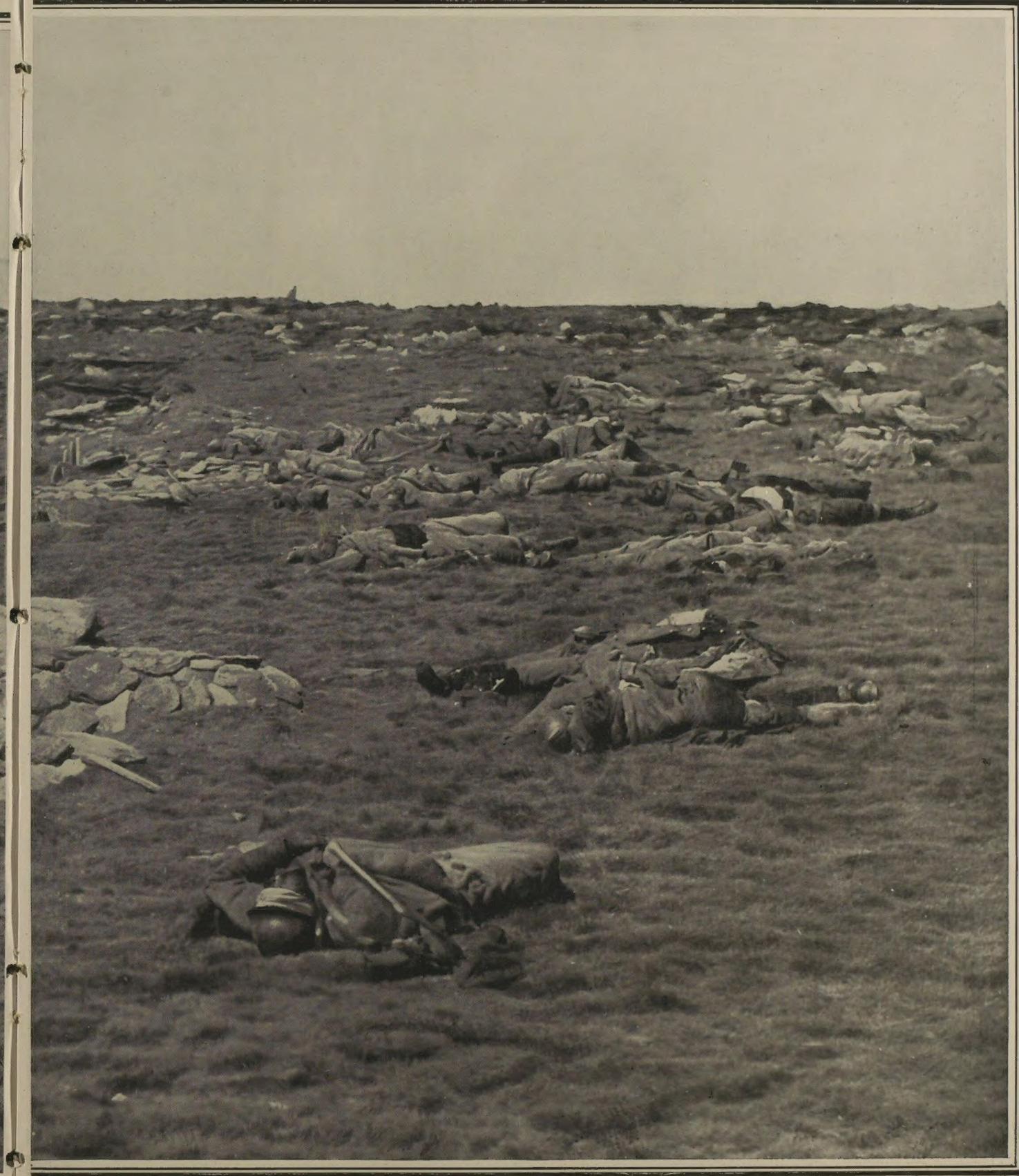


"ROUND ABOUT THIS SERBIAN FRONTIER-STONE LIE HUDDLED THE BULGARIAN DEAD":

The recapture by the Serians recently of the crest of Mount Kaymakchalan was a wonderful feat of arms, in which some of the fiercest fighting of the war took place. Visiting the spot a few days afterwards, the British correspondent, Mr. G. Ward Price, gave a vivid description of the scene. "This lonely, barren peak," he writes, "from whose 8000 ft. you look down upon both Serbia and Greece as on a plaster contour-map, looks to-day like a museum of battle. It is deserted by all but the dead. And they, almost entirely Bulgarians, lie by scores as they fell, their arms in their hands, and fragments of the trench-mortar shells that killed them sticking out of the earth around. . . Right on the top of the rocky crest a Serbian frontier-stone stands, within ten yards of the edge of a sheer precipice. . . Round about this Serbian frontier-stone lie huddled the Bulgarian dead. Little gullies are heaped with them, twisted into all sorts of strange postures among the rocks. It was as if, with that white frontier-post gleaming on the top to call

DEAD": THE CORPSE-STREWN SUMMIT OF KAYMAKTCHALAN.

SERBIAN ARTIST, VLADIMIR BETZITCH.



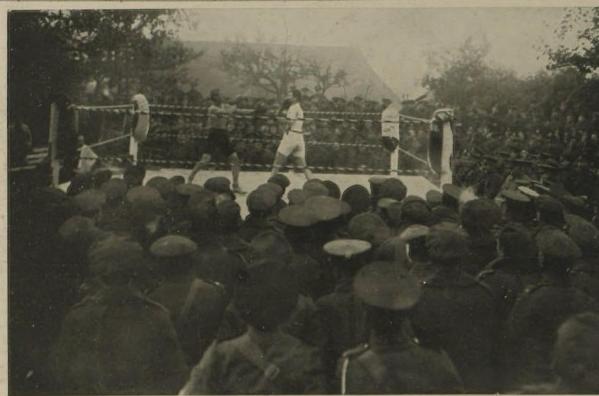
GRAVES, AND DEAD AWAITING BURIAL, ON THE SCENE OF A SERBIAN VICTORY.

them on, the Serians had fought with especial ferocity. In one place I counted 40 bodies, so close that they touched one another. They had all been killed together, probably by one of those devastating aerial torpedoes whose fishtails stick out of the earth all round. One man had died in the act of bandaging a previous wound, and he still -presses the lint against his leg. There were faces that were brutal; others with no expression but the stolidity of the peasant; a few in which a certain refinement persisted even after death and in these savage surroundings. On none of these dead men was there any look of horror, or fear, or suffering. They sleep dispassionately, calmly. Serbian burial parties are at work all over Kaymakchalan. . . The hard mountain-side gave no cover, and it is dotted with hundreds of little individual heaps and rings of stones, which men on each side laboriously built around themselves at night."

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY DURING THE SOMME ADVANCE: CLOSE BEHIND THE BATTLE-LINE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED

BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



"QUEENSBERRY RULES" WITHIN SOUND OF THE BATTLEFIELD GUNS: A BOXING TOURNAMENT IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE BRITISH FRONT.



KEEPING OUR FRONT LINE ARTILLERY TRAIN FOLLOWING



HOURLY SUPPLIED: AN AMMUNITION-WAGON THE ADVANCE.



ERECTED AGAINST A COUNTER-ATTACK: A ROAD BARRIER ON NEWLY WON GROUND, WITH ITS PICKET GUARD.



A "GOOD PULL-UP" FOR THIRSTY HORSEMEN: HALTING FOR WATER BY AN OLD-STYLE WINCH-AND-BUCKET ROADSIDE WELL.



RATION TIME IN A TRENCH IN WINTER



DUG-OUT: BATTLE-WORN JOCKS "LEATHERS."



A WATERING-STATION FOR HORSES ON THE LINE OF ADVANCE: TANKS CONSTRUCTED TO STORE AN EVER-READY SUPPLY.

Queensberry rules, a roped-off "ring," gloves, boxing-match get-up complete, and all within earshot of the bombarding guns, if not within actual reach of a long-range German shell—such are points in the *mise-en-scène* of the first illustration. The khaki-clad spectators on every side of the "ring" localise the meeting, which took place at a certain place just behind our fighting line on the Western Front. The reader may note that the corner-posts are draped with the colours of the four principal Allied nations.—Helmets working-parties are seen in the second illustration while cutting a road for traffic close behind our advancing troops. Along this road ammunition-wagons are already moving forward. It runs across a battlefield of only a few hours before, right through the ruined remains of a village which has been bombarded out of existence.—In the third illustration note that the two tired and

hungry Highlanders, seen taking a rest in a trench dug-out, are already wearing their leather winter jackets.—The hastily erected road-barricade in the fourth illustration, built of planks and beams from some abandoned houses near by, and with a picket posted at it, shows one of the precautionary measures taken on the edge of a newly won position to stop any counter-attack. The two men on the extreme right have between them a Lewis gun.—The roadside well made in No. 5 tells its own tale.—Illustration No. 6 shows a watering-station for cavalry and artillery horses. To prevent the fouling of the water by extraneous matter, the two further tanks—which are full—are covered over. The nearer one is being filled by water pumped from elsewhere through the hoses seen in our photograph.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUGH CECIL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, W. AND D. DOWNEY, WALTER BARNETT, AND BERESFORD.



LIEUT.-COL. C. J. W. HOBBS, D.S.O.,
Sherwood Foresters. Son of Captain and
Mrs. Hobbs, Kylemore, Malvern. Killed in
action.



CAPTAIN B. E. BROWN,
Lincolnshire Regt. (attd. R.
Munster Fusiliers). Killed
while leading his men.



CAPT. W. D. P. MANSEL,
Lancashire Fusiliers. Has
been officially reported by
the War Office killed in action.



MAJOR N. G. M. MCLEOD, M.C.,
Winnipeg Rifles. Son of Captain H.
McLeod, A.S.C., of Aldershot. Mentioned
in despatches



CAPTAIN J. J. DONNELLY, M.C.,
Newfoundland Regiment. Awarded the
Military Cross for gallantry. Killed in
action.



MIDSHIPMAN
WILLIAM ELICE, R.N.,
Son of Major Ellice, who is
himself serving in France.



CAPT. ALEX. ELICE,
Cameron Highlanders. One
of three sons of Major Ellice,
Gren. Gds., killed in the War.



2ND LT. A. R. ELICE,
Grenadier Guards. Son of
Major Ellice, of Invergarry,
and Mrs. Ellice, Sloane Court.



CAPTAIN FRANCIS E. MORKILL,
Canadian Infantry. Son of Mr. William
L. Morkill, of Lima, Peru. Killed in
action.



LIEUT. W. G. EDMONSTONE,
Coldstream Guards. Eldest son of Sir Archi-
bald and Lady Edmonstone, of Duntrouth
Castle, Stirlingshire.



LIEUT. A. W. MACDONALD,
Canadian Infantry. Son of
Dr. Albert A. Macdonald,
Toronto, Canada.



MAJ. R. E. KRIEKENBEEK,
Indian Army. Son of the
late Dr. and Mrs. Krieken-
beek, of Colombo.



2ND LIEUT. G. ELLIOTT,
D. of Wellington's Regt.
Son of Mr. R. H. Elliott,
M.A., Rishworth, Halifax.



2ND LIEUT. J. BERNARD MACNAMARA,
D. of Wellington's Regt. Son of
Captain and Mrs. MacNamara, Adelaide
Road, N.W.



LIEUT-COLONEL C. J. WILKIE,
Welsh Regiment. Has been officially
reported by the War Office as having
been killed in action.



2ND LIEUT. A. Y. DICK,
Highland L.I. Son of Mr.
David Dick, of Maitland
Avenue, Langside, Glasgow.



LIEUT. T. G. RUTHERFORD,
Canadian Rifles. Son of
Rev. Thomas Rutherford,
Holywood, Co. Down.



LIEUT. G. A. GEDDIE,
Cameron Highlanders. Son
of Mr. John Geddie, the well-
known author and journalist.



2ND LT. R. S. OSMASTON,
R. Sussex Regt. and R.F.C.
Killed in action. Son of Mr.
F. P. Osmaston, Limpsfield.



LIEUT. A. F. E. PRESCOTT,
Machine-Gun Corps. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. James Prescott,
Lowton, Newton-le-Willows.



2ND LT. E. L. H. BAGOT,
Welsh Guards. Only son of
Major the Hon. Walter and
Mrs. Bagot.



MAJOR W. KERCHEVAL BAYLEY,
R. Berkshire Regiment. Was previously
reported as missing, and is now officially
accepted as killed.

IN A VALLEY OF DESOLATION: SOMME TRENCHES, RUINS, AND CONVOYS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WATCHING THE ENEMY THROUGH A PERISCOPE: ON THE BRITISH FRONT FIFTY YARDS FROM THE REGINA TRENCH (SINCE CAPTURED).



WATER-TANKS GOING UP FOR THE SUPPLY OF BRITISH TROOPS AT THE FRONT: A CONVOY ON THE ROAD.



"A STRAGGLE OF SCORCHED BRICKS AND SPLINTERED TREE-STUMPS": BRITISH SOLDIERS AT THE RUINS OF MOUQUET FARM.



WITH AN EXAMPLE OF SAND-BAG ARCHITECTURE IN THE FOREGROUND: A BRITISH CONVOY FOR THE SOMME FRONT.

Two of these photographs give a vivid idea of the desolation of war in the Somme region. Describing the victorious British advance of October 21, Mr. Percival Gibbon writes: "Upon a front of some 5000 yards, from the corner of the Schwaben Redoubt to near the north end of that German position which is known as the Regina Trench, our troops went forward . . . captured and held the whole of the positions which formed their objective. . . . From west of Pozières, where the ground slopes down by Mouquet

Farm . . . there was an outlook over the whole smoke-smeared panorama of battle. . . . Good, comfortable land, all of it . . . and now the chief wonder was how, even in two years of such warfare as this, it could have taken on the countenance and colour of desolation so utter. Upon all that westward slope there was not a blade of grass; Mouquet Farm, a straggle of scorched bricks and splintered tree-stumps, stood among fields where every yard has been ploughed by shells."

WESTERN WAR-FRONT SCENES AS THE OFFENSIVE

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, ISSUED

PROGRESSES: INCIDENTS ON THE BRITISH BATTLEFIELD.

BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



HEAVY ARTILLERY DURING A BOMBARDMENT OF THE ENEMY'S LINES: GUNNERS RUSHING UP FRESH SUPPLIES OF AMMUNITION TO THE GUNS.



IN A SECTION OF THE AUSTRALIAN LINES CLOSE UP TO THE BATTLE-FRONT: AN EVERY-DAY CAMP SCENE.



FINDING A GERMAN GUN AT THE GERMANS: ARTILLERY OFFICERS SHELLING THE ENEMY WITH A CAPTURED FIELD-PIECE.



USING THE REST COVER AT HAND IN THE HEAT OF A BRISK ADVANCE: SHELL-HOLES AS FIELD-GUN PITS.



MAXIMS TO THE FRONT: MOTOR MACHINE-GUNS OF A

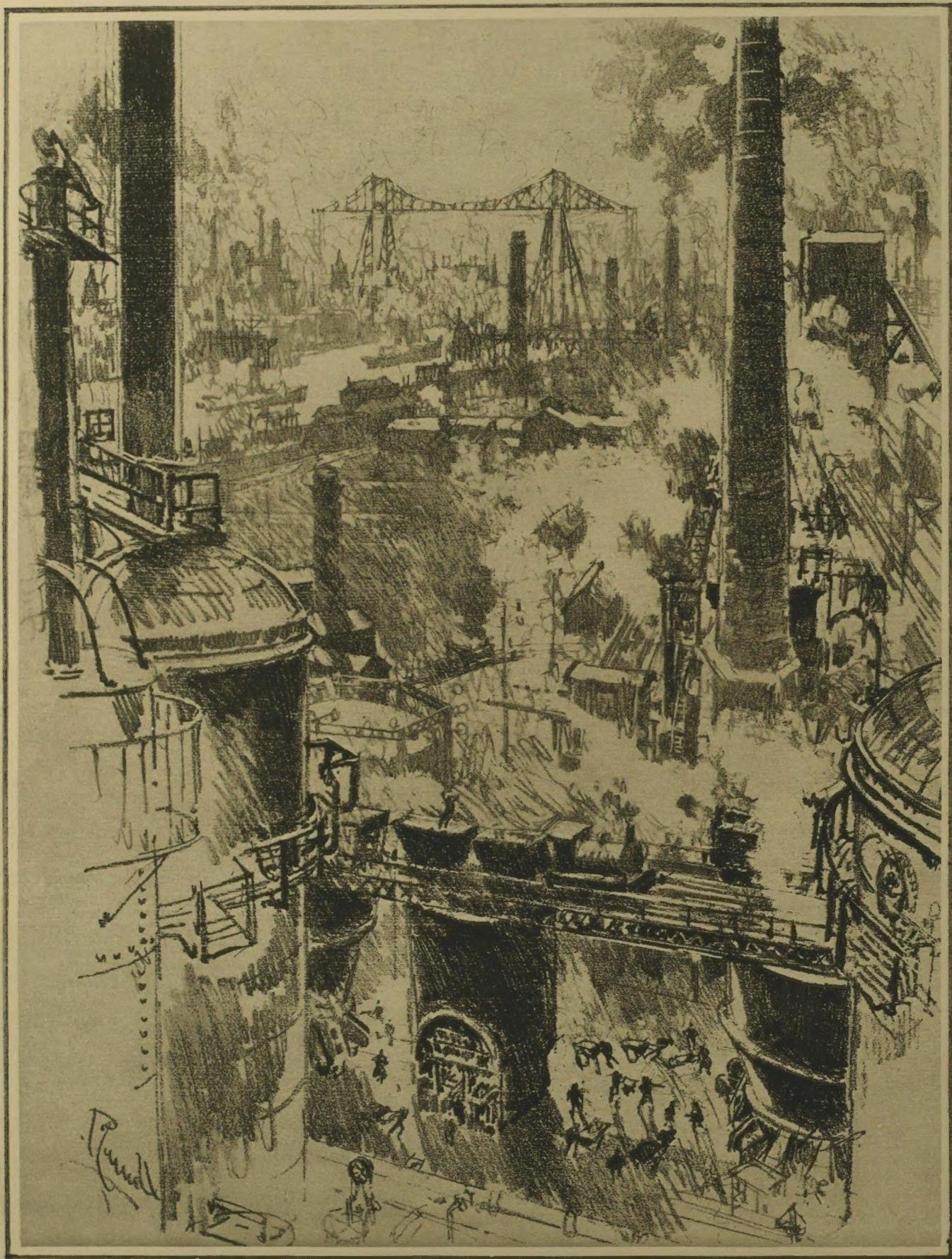


KEEPING UP THE AMMUNITION SUPPLY TO FIELD-GUNS DURING CLOSE ACTION: A HORSE AS SHELL-CARRIER.

Once the big guns start their spells of bombardment between every infantry push forward, pauses in the firing which might give the enemy breathing-space, or an opportunity to locate the guns firing on them, are out of the question. At the same time, so rapidly is ammunition used up that now and again the men of the gun-trains have to bolt back to their nearest emergency dug-out magazines, always placed close in rear of the guns, help themselves, and, as seen in the first illustration, fetch up as many rounds as they can carry at a time on hand-carts. —The third illustration bears out what was stated in Parliament a little while ago as to why only the irreparably damaged guns among those taken from the enemy are likely for

the present to be sent as trophies for display in England. Both the French and ourselves use the serviceable enemy guns we have taken against the Germans, firing back at Fritz his own shells, of which large quantities have been captured, as the official despatch records. —The motor machine battery men in the fifth illustration, is shown hauled under cover in a sunken road quite near to where a hot infantry engagement is going on. The men are shown, after having hastily unshipped their guns from the motor-carriages, in the act of scrambling up the steep slope at the side of the road nearest the battle, carrying the guns and their tripod stands with them to haul up at the edge of the crater and join in the fighting.

OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.



"FROM THE TOP OF THE FURNACE": THE PICTURESQUE ASPECT OF A GREAT MUNITION-WORKS.

The two lithographs reproduced on this and the opposite page continue the series of Mr. Joseph Pennell's remarkable impressions of great munition-factories, other examples of which appeared in our two preceding numbers. The drawings have been made by the permission and authority of the British Government. As before stated, Mr. Pennell's object—so brilliantly achieved—has been to record that aspect of the scene which presents itself to the eye of the artist, rather than the observation of the technical expert. All

great engineering works have their picturesque and spectacular side, and Mr. Pennell has done, perhaps, more than any other artist of his time to seize such impressions and reveal their essential poetry. His work in this respect has affinities with such a picture as Turner's "Rain, Steam, and Speed," or such a poem as Longfellow's "Building of the Ship." In fact, many a poet, from Homer and Virgil onwards, has been inspired by mechanical labour. Mr. Pennell's work belongs to the same category of art.

OUR MUNITION-MAKERS: PENNELL IMPRESSIONS OF WAR FACTORIES.



"PIG IRON FOR SHELLS": MUNITION-MAKING PICTURED BY A FAMOUS ARTIST.

We must not say where Mr. Pennell's wonderful drawings were made, but they were done by the permission and authority of the British Government. Munition-making for the war is still the paramount industry of the nation, and the need for yet greater efforts grows ever more urgent. The Ministry of Munitions has recently issued an appeal for more women to undertake the work, and this recalls the fact that an account of the women's work at Woolwich Arsenal, and a vivid description of the great machinery

there, was given the other day by Mr. Hall Caine. The novelist was deeply impressed by the marvels of mechanical power which he saw, and his word-picture harmonises closely with the feeling and atmosphere of Mr. Pennell's work. "For centuries," he writes, "the spirit of mankind has knelt at the feet of its great creators, its Miltons and its Dantes, in awe of their awful imaginings. But what are the highest reaches of the imaginative mind compared with the realities of that mightiest of all tragic poets—war?"

UNDER THE GREEN UMBRELLA: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO MAKING HIS STATE ENTRY INTO FEZ.



A STATE CEREMONY IN MOROCCO: SULTAN MOULAY YOUSSEF, UNDER THE SYMBOLIC GREEN UMBRELLA, ENTERING FEZ ESCORTED BY 8000 HORSEMEN.

The Sultan of Morocco, Moulay Youssef, recently performed, for the first time in his reign, the customary state journey to Fez, the Moroccan holy city, with traditional pomp and ceremony. He left Rabat on September 14, accompanied by all the Court dignitaries and kais of the neighbouring districts with their armed retinue. It was a veritable army that set out on the march, preceded by a convoy with the imperial tent and camp equipment. At Meknes a halt of seven days was made, for the Sultan to make the time-honoured pilgrimage to the tomb of Moulay Idriss, the founder of the dynasty. Fez was reached on September 20.

and the Sultan made his state entry into the city followed by an escort of 8000 horsemen and innumerable attendants on foot. Over his head as he rode was carried the Green Umbrella, made of velvet, the emblem of Shereefian power. The whole cortège formed the most picturesque and gorgeous spectacle that had been seen at Fez for many years. The Sultan's arrival inaugurated a series of fêtes that continued for a month, beginning with the great Moslem religious festival of id-el-Kebir. On October 15 General Lyautey presided at the opening of a great Fair in the court of honour of the Sultan's palace.

THE BRAIN OF THE BATTLE: THE ARTILLERY DEPARTMENT OF A FRENCH HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GEORGES SCOTT.



FOLLOWING A BATTLE WITH MAP AND TELEPHONE: A FRENCH ARTILLERY STAFF AT WORK, AND A LIAISON OFFICER ENTERING TO REPORT.

"Thanks to a thorough artillery preparation," said the expert French commentator in discussing the recent great French victory at Verdun, "the attacking troops were able to recapture so many important positions with a minimum of loss." So it is throughout the great struggle on the Western Front—all depends on the power and efficiency of the artillery. Behind the guns and the men who work them is what may be called the "brain of the battle," as far as they are concerned, that is, the artillery department of the Headquarters Staff. The conditions of its work are shown in the above drawing by the famous French war-artist, M.

Georges Scott, which is accompanied by the following description: "In a modest village room, cleared of furniture, a table has been set up on trestles. Papers and plans are heaped upon it. On the wall is fixed a large map on which the positions of enemy batteries are marked by little green flags. One officer at the telephone receives news of the various groups engaged in the action, and causes to be marked accordingly on the map the points from which the hostile bombardment is coming. An officier de liaison (seen on the right) enters to make his report."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

TENDING DUMB VICTIMS OF HUMAN CONFLICT: AN AMBULANCE FOR WOUNDED HORSES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A WOUNDED HORSE ON ITS WAY TO AN AMBULANCE SUPPORTED WITH A BLANKET: THE CANADIAN MOUNTED VETERINARY CORPS AT WORK WITH FIELD ARTILLERY.

British love of animals finds expression at the front in the care which is taken of wounded horses. Of these there are many, for notwithstanding the advent of the cavalry, but in the field artillery and various other services, for motor-vehicles do not all possess the miraculous properties of the Tanks, and there are places where some of them cannot go, but where a horse can. Horses injured in the war receive almost as much solicitous attention as do the human wounded. The Royal Army Veterinary Corps, which has established numerous hospitals for wounded horses, does splendid work, and its efforts are ably supplemented by the R.S.P.C.A. and other

organizations. Our artist's drawing illustrates the work of this branch of the Canadian forces. Men of the Mounted Section of the Canadian Veterinary Corps are seen collecting wounded horses in the firing line of the field artillery. An animal wounded in one of its fore-legs is being assisted to the ambulance wagon by four men (two on either side) supporting it with a blanket under its belly, while another man is leading it. The wounded horses receive first aid (in this case the leg has been bandaged) and are then taken to a Base Veterinary Hospital. If the wound is so severe as to be past hoping for a cure, the animal is humanely put out of its misery. A great many horses have been saved that in former days would have been left to die, often in lingering agony.—[Drawn, Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

EIGHT MONTHS OF GERMAN EFFORT REVERSED IN ONE DAY:

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 6 BY

VERDUN—WHOSE DEFENDERS HAVE ADVANCED IN TRIUMPH.

ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



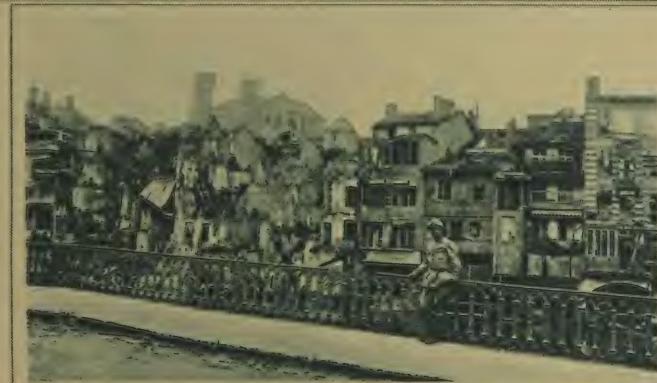
IN SHELL-BATTERED VERDUN: A GENERAL VIEW OF WRECKED BUILDINGS IN THE CITY.



THE HISTORIC RIVER ON WHOSE RIGHT BANK THE MEUSE



THE FRENCH WON THEIR SMASHING VICTORY AT VERDUN.



IN THE CITY WHERE BRITISH PRISONERS WERE INTERNED BY NAPOLEON: ON THE BRIDGE AT VERDUN.



MEN OF THE FRENCH GARRISON AT VERDUN: SOLDIERS AMONG THE DEBRIS OF A HOUSE.



TYPICAL SCENES OF SHELL-HAVOC IN VERDUN: A WRECKED STREET.



BATTERED BY GERMAN GUNS, BUT MORE THAN EVER IMPREGNABLE SINCE THE



GREAT FRENCH VICTORY: VERDUN, STILL CROWNED BY ITS CATHEDRAL TOWERS



A CITY WHICH THE GERMANS WREAKED THEIR HATE ON, BUT COULD NOT CAPTURE: IN VERDUN.



"DÉFENSE D'AFFICHER": A CORNER IN BATTERED VERDUN, POSTED WITH FRENCH NOTICES.

The smashing victory of the French outside Verdun on October 24 may well be regarded as the death-knell of German hopes in the West. It was on February 21 last that the Germans began their grand attack on the fortress; but, although the French were compelled to give ground, they succeeded in beating off one terrific assault after another, until by April 9 it became evident that the German attempt had failed. It was estimated that the enemy's losses were not less than 500,000 men. Since the Somme offensive began, on July 1, the French have been gradually gaining ground near Verdun, until at length, on October 24, they dashed forward and reversed at one victorious swoop the results of so many months of costly and laborious German effort. A French communiqué of that day said: "The projected attack on the right bank of the Meuse was launched at 11.40 this morning. The enemy line, attacked on a front of 7 kilometres, (about four miles), was broken through everywhere to a depth which at the middle attained a distance of 3 kilometres. . . . Prisoners are

pouring in. Up to the present, 3500, including about 100 officers, have been counted." The next day the number of unwounded prisoners was officially given as over 4500. "I have just witnessed," wrote Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett on October 25, "the most crowning irony of the war—perhaps, of all history. I have watched the French Army of Verdun—exhausted and useless, according to the enemy's reports—retake in seven hours, without withdrawing a man or a gun from the Somme, practically the whole of the ground which it took the Crown Prince's army six months to win and hold at a cost of, roughly, half a million of the very best of the German troops, and only after an expenditure of an unprecedented quantity of material and ammunition. . . . I also went all over the battered ruins of the town. These, it seems to me, would have taken weeks to capture, and would have cost the enemy at least 100,000 men, for every house and cellar has been turned into a separate fortress, and orders were issued to defend each to the last."

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



A GREAT MAN OF SCIENCE: ARCHIMEDES. PAINTING
ILLUSTRATING THE EPODUM.



A RESULT OF THE FAMOUS NATURALIST'S DESIRE TO OBSERVE THE ERUPTION AT CLOSE QUARTERS AND TO AID THOSE IN DANGER: THE DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER BY SUFFOCATION.



A RESULT OF THE GREAT Eruption OF VESUVIUS IN
79 A.D.: THE FINDING OF THE BODY OF PLINY THE ELDER.
BORN AT CUMA, 23 A.D.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR NEGLECTED WHALE FISHERIES

AFORTNIGHT ago, my readers may remember, I ventured to draw attention to some aspects of our home fisheries which call for serious consideration in the immediate future. But, if possible, even more urgent is the need for action—not academic discussion and "Commissions"—in regard to our whaling industry. It has recently been seriously suggested that the time is coming when we shall have to regard the seas as our pastures, and that whale-meat will take the place of beef and mutton. We might do worse, for these huge creatures afford very nutritious and savoury food when properly dressed. But this forecast is rather to be regarded as a piece of exuberant imagination than as an instance of prophetic insight.

Whales of all species, and especially the larger species, are in dire need of legislative protection throughout the seas of the world. This, of course, will be possible only by international co-operation. The baleen-whales and the sperm-whale (or cachalot), are the only whales which are, or ever have been, commercially valuable; though some of the smaller-toothed whales, like the "pilot-whale," are valued locally, "schools" being driven ashore whenever they

hitherto despised rorquals and the hump-back whale could be made to furnish a fishery well-nigh, if not quite, as profitable as the now exhausted Greenland fishery; and, as a matter of fact, large fortunes have been and

have shown more foresight.

If our people did not, for the present, desire to take advantage of the wealth within their grasp, the whales in our seas could have been conserved against the day when we awoke to our opportunities. As it is, we derive nothing from these stations, and all the wealth they represent leaves us for Norway. At the Cape and at South Georgia we have done no better; and, moreover, such English ships as are engaged in this fishery are manned by Norwegians. While duly admiring their energy, we may regret somewhat our own inactivity.

The method of fishing nowadays is far different from that pursued in days gone by. The whales are now killed with a harpoon fired from a gun mounted on the deck of a small steamer, and the carcase is brought ashore to be flensed and disposed of. Nothing is now wasted, for, after the blubber is removed, the flesh and bones are boiled down and converted into cake and fertiliser.

Of all the whales now "fished" for, the humpback is the most prized; for it is easily killed, being very inquisitive, and thus easy of approach, and yielding a larger quantity of oil. So hardly have they been hunted that they are now in danger of



SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC PLEATED THROATS: RUDOLPHI'S RORQUALS ON SLIPWAYS WAITING TO BE FLENSED.

are being made from the pursuit of these animals, which is varied by a few black right-whales and sperm-whales.

Curiously enough, our own whalers, who played so prominent a part in the Greenland fisheries, have allowed themselves to be ousted in the new fishery by the Norwegians, who now dominate the whaling industry of the world. Our Norwegian friends, moreover, have been enterprising enough to establish a number of whaling stations in our home waters—four at the Shetlands, two at the Hebrides, and two on the west coast of Ireland. Our Board of Agriculture and Fisheries might perhaps



A WHALER'S ARMAMENT IN ACTION: A HARPOON ABOUT TO BE FIRED FROM THE GUN.



THE NAVY THAT USES GUNS AGAINST FISH: A MODERN BRITISH-BUILT STEAM-WHALER. OFF HARINGSKIP, CAPE COLONY.

approach near enough to land to make the venture possible—as at the Faroes, for example.

The old whalers hunted but three kinds of whales—the Greenland and black "right"-whales and the sperm-whale; all others they despised. Hence the term "right" whale, used to distinguish these from the other baleen whales grouped under the term "rorquals." This distinction grew up because of the high price obtainable for the baleen, or "whalebone" of the right-whale, on account of its great length and elasticity, which made it much in demand for corsets and other purposes; the short whalebone of the rorquals being then, as now, valueless.

So relentlessly was the Greenland whale hunted that it is now verging on extinction; and a like fate must soon overtake [the black right-whales of more southern latitudes—that is to say, south of the Arctic Circle, which forms the limit of the range of the Greenland species.

With the decline of the Greenland fishery came the discovery that the



OF A RACE THAT NEEDS PROTECTION: THE MOUTH OF A BLACK "RIGHT-WHALE" TAKEN AT THE IRISH WHALING STATION.

The lower jaw is uppermost, and some of the baleen, or whalebone (the triangular object beyond the left-hand man) has been pulled outwards from the upper jaw, to which it is attached, so as to be outside the huge semicircular lower lip. The eye is seen prominent near the cleft of the mouth (in the top left-hand corner). The baleen of a "right whale" is worth about £600, while its average yield of oil is forty-five barrels.

extermination. It has been urged that this fate is highly improbable, since the ocean is too big to be thus depleted. But this is a fallacious argument, due to a lack of appreciation of the factors governing the conditions of existence of these animals. Briefly, they live upon small crustacea, which, while they cover acres of water, are yet confined to the neighbourhood of land; hence in the open ocean these creatures would starve. They travel over an enormous area in their migrations from the Cape to South Georgia, but for much of this distance they must fast. They are being slaughtered without mercy or consideration for the future on both their feeding grounds in the Southern Hemisphere, and they fare no better in the Northern. When they are exterminated, the turn of the rorquals will follow. This ought not to be, for, properly protected, the whaling industry should go on indefinitely.

But thus do we waste our substance in riotous living. In the haste to get rich a great source of wealth is being wrecked, and it seems to be nobody's business to take any steps to mend matters.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

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NEW NOVELS.

"The Reef of Stars." Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's happy choice of romantic subjects is rivalled by the felicity of his titles. Who would not want to read a book called "The Reef of Stars"? There is a magic in the name. It is a high bid for favour, with, of course, the proportionate risk that readers may find great expectations have overshot the mark. However, there is no disappointment in "The Reef of Stars" (Hutchinson). From the beginning in Sydney Domain, where the honest Houghton, down on his luck, wakes to fall in with Macquart and his tale of buried treasure, the fascination of the story never flags. The development—the unfolding, rather—of the sinister side of Macquart's character is excellent; and his appalling end is as psychologically interesting as it is satisfactory to the moral instincts of the reader. Such a villain as Macquart, obsessed with one idea, would eventually lose his mental balance. So mote it be. If geniuses are hardly sane, super-criminals are certainly mad, and the long and careful cunning of plot and counterplot lead up to an inevitable débâcle of reason. The monster in the *Harracuda's* cabin strikes us as rather far-fetched; but Mr. Stacpoole knows what surprises the New Guinea coast may provide better than we do, and we leave it at that. We read his new novel with delight, with the vision of blue skies and Pacific breezes and virgin forests brought to a grey English day. Do you remember the wind-swept loneliness, under a blazing sun, of the deserted ship in "The Wrecker"? We can give Mr. Stacpoole no fairer praise than to say "The Reef of Stars" has scenes that recall the vividness, the haunting romance, of that immortal picture.

"The Guiding Thread." There never were people as fantastic as the people in "The Guiding Thread" (Methuen), without being either poseurs or eccentrics. Miss Beatrice Harraden seems to wish her public to understand that she has turned

up a bit of life for their examination. She has done nothing of the sort; but she has produced a sort of gay golden fairy-story—or, perhaps, an allegory of emancipated womanhood, no longer bound to the chariot wheels of man. Joan Holbrook, whose husband had taken her from her home in the smithy and turned her into an authority on the Italian Renaissance—very much as you may turn a farmyard goose into the culture-ground of *foie gras*—Joan Holbrook wakes suddenly, and runs away. Her silly husband assumes she has gone with a man; whereas Joan has gone with nothing more than ten

good friends at every turning! But that would be a world where you might sleep in your boots and still awake with untired feet, wear a frock day and night, and yet be a creature uncreased. A world, in short, not to be found outside the covers of fiction.

"Lady Connie." The tickless talent of Mrs. Humphry Ward has revisited the Oxford of a quarter of a century ago, and "Lady Connie" (Methuen) is the outcome. Lady Constance Bedlow, an orphan, an heiress in a modest way, plainly destined to be, in

the years to come, a great lady, arrives in the jarring, anxious household of her uncle, Ewen Hooper, the holder of a classical Readership. The Hoopers are cramped for want of money, and bounded by the Oxford outlook, which has its limitations as well as its pure delights. (We are shown the view from all sides.) Connie is a creature of another world; but not a world, be it noted, where Oxford men have failed to assert themselves. Connie comes with at least one well-fledged love-affair in being. To her advances Douglas Faloden, the "blood"—arrogant, vain, egotistical, but a personage and a leader of his kind. Now Lady Connie takes us by storm at once. She is one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's most attractive high-bred, high-spirited young women. Nora Hooper falls in love with Connie; so do we. She mates with Faloden; and all the skill and experience of their creator is brought to bear on the task of reconciling the reader

to the marriage. We are asked to be convinced of the miracle of a conversion, a change of heart through remorse for an act of tyranny, and the double blows of death and disaster. Faloden, having been a hectoring and unjust beast, is transformed by misfortune into the right and proper husband for Lady Connie. But can the leopard change his spots? Even wise Mrs. Ward hardly persuades us. . . . But her book is charming, and if Faloden is a stumbling-block, there are many other characters in whose good company there is no matter for dispute.



IN WHAT WAS DELVILLE WOOD! DIGGING A COMMUNICATION TRENCH.

Official Photograph.

pounds and a walking-stick and her own glad heart. She tramps across country, living in her one suit and contriving always to be fresh and gay without so much as a toothbrush or a spare hair-pin. (Is a glad heart a sufficient substitute for these things?) She meets other people as uncommon as herself, falls on her feet, of course, and ends by being reconciled to Holbrook and the Italian Renaissance together. We don't believe a word of it; but we liked reading about Joan all the same. What a different place the world would be, if we could all take walking-tours away from our responsibilities, and find

to the marriage. We are asked to be convinced of the miracle of a conversion, a change of heart through remorse for an act of tyranny, and the double blows of death and disaster. Faloden, having been a hectoring and unjust beast, is transformed by misfortune into the right and proper husband for Lady Connie. But can the leopard change his spots? Even wise Mrs. Ward hardly persuades us. . . . But her book is charming, and if Faloden is a stumbling-block, there are many other characters in whose good company there is no matter for dispute.

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Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

A Judicious Rule.—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from the table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the palate." These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

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In the Trench— And Afterwards

THREE is a lull in the attack and, save for an occasional shell bursting unpleasantly near, there is "nothing doing." The men in the Trench let their minds run on matters more pleasant than fighting.

"I get my leave to-morrow, if I'm lucky," says one.

"Touch wood, Jim," says another—"how long?"

"Week!"

"Well—wish you luck; suppose you'll call in at the Club?"

"Ay! ay! That's my bee-line from the train, mate. A jolly good tub, a jolly good feed and a *bed*, my boy! A *real* bed with smooth white sheets to get between. Makes your mouth water, doesn't it?"

"Don't pile it on, Jim."

"Cheer O, laddie! It'll be your turn soon."

Jim steps from the train as it slows up at Waterloo, throws his pack over his shoulder, and strides off. The City this night looks a sorry place to some, with its dismal lights and weeping sky, but Jim feels the thrill of London in his veins. The Club will rest him and feed him, and then, refreshed, he can continue his journey to that little village in the North that saw his birth. He crosses the road to the Union Jack Club, hands over his kit to the cloak-room attendant, and turns to the booking-office. He tingles with expectancy. The congenial warmth of the Club, its comforts, its good-fellowship, delight him.

"Yes, sir?" says the attendant.

"I want a bed for to-night," says Jim.

"Sorry," answers the attendant, "we are crowded out. The 'A——' came to port to-day, and her men have filled us up."

Jim feels "downed." London suddenly becomes a heartless, lonely spot. He is just one of its millions—unheeded, unconsidered. He must wander that labyrinth of mean streets around Waterloo, in search of a bed. What kind of house will he find? What kind of bed?

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LADIES' PAGE.

THE Duke of Connaught has returned home to a country in a very different condition from that in which he left it when he accepted the Governor-General's post in Canada. The Duke was sent as a young man by his mother, Queen Victoria, into the Army; and but for that act he would now be the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as it was arranged in the marriage contract of Queen Victoria and her German husband that their second and subsequent sons in turn should inherit their father's claim to the Duchy. As the second son, the Duke of Edinburgh (father of the Queen of Roumania) died leaving no son, the Ducal throne passed to the Duke of Connaught; but he and his son, Prince Arthur, both declined to accept because they were officers in the British Army, and did not wish to be liable to serve against us as German Princes. But for the war, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught would have gone out to Canada to take the place of the Prince's parents on their return home—the position now accepted by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, as Prince Arthur's Army duties preclude any idea of his leaving. Princess Arthur has become remarkably pretty since her marriage, and bears considerable resemblance to her grandmother, Queen Alexandra—not so much in features as in her sweet expression, gentle and gracious bearing, and graceful figure. She dresses trimly in plain tailor-made things when possible, relieved by fine furs. The Princess is very wealthy, as her father, the late Duke of Fife, left a large fortune, to which she and her only sister are ultimate heirs.

Princess Arthur takes some part in public ceremonies, and recently went down to open a large new hospital specially for Canadian troops at Lympne Castle. It has been decided, it is said at the request of the Colonial Governments, that the Canadian and Australian soldiers shall henceforth placed in hospitals such as this one—that is, reserved for the men from each colony alone. Under this new regulation, the splendid great Kitchener Hospital on the race-hill at Brighton, holding two thousand patients, is to be given up to the Australians. There is some opposition to this seclusion—or rather, segregation—for it is the Empire that is fighting, and we want to keep up the sentiment of one race to the utmost. That sentiment, stronger in our Colonists than we at home often realise, is a firmer foundation than commercial interests for our union. Princess Patricia of Connaught might perhaps have been appointed Governor of Canada for the rest of the war, as the Infantas of Spain were appointed to rule in the Spanish Netherlands, with great success in several instances. A Princess as a ruler evokes and sustains loyal sentiment.

Mr. Asquith has replied to Mrs. Fenwick Miller, who wrote as President of the Women Writers' Franchise League to urge the inclusion on the Electoral Reform Committee of several women, "especially some of those who have represented the electors on local bodies, such as



A DELIGHTFULLY PROTECTIVE FUR CAPE.
A most warm and becoming cape made of skunk, with a muff to match. (International Fur Store.)

School Boards," that "the decision to confine membership of the Committee to Members of both Houses of Parliament cannot be reconsidered; but the Prime Minister thinks you will agree that the representation on its behalf of advocates of Woman Suffrage is sufficient to ensure full consideration for their views."

Furs are in the nature of an investment, and are as much a question of good health in a climate like ours as of appearance. There was never a finer stock of luxurious furs to be seen than now at that very important and high-class establishment, the International Fur Store, 163 and 165, Regent Street. Much might be said as to the desirability from the purchaser's own point of view of buying from such a leading firm of specialists, who are thoroughly reliable both as to the quality of the peltry and as to the up-to-date styles. "Bargain-hunting" may mean buying mis-named furs or weak skins patched together very often, and is a great mistake in the ultimate result. I learned at the International Fur Store that coats of musquash are by far the most fashionable fur garments at present; but it is important in the buyer's interests to be sure that the skins are whole, sound ones, as cheap coats are commonly made of tiny bits of furs patched together, and wear badly; while a good, whole-skin musquash coat, such as always are sold by this leading firm, has almost unlimited wear in its future. There are varieties of musquash coats in stock. One of "natural" musquash, a rather pale-brown fur, with a deep collar and cuffs of skunk, and the musquash skins put round the reverse way as a flounce, costs £42; while another of beautifully matched skins, but without any skunk, is only £32. Then there comes a very handsome coat of "black" musquash, the skins carefully selected—as only one in a hundred is of the right shade—with skunk collar and cuffs, which costs £55. A very close similitude of real sealskin (the price of which is now enormous) is made by "seal-dyed" musquash, this fur being shaved over the tips and dressed like sealskin; it is relatively light—an important point, inasmuch as the coats this year are nearly three times as wide in the skirt portion as they were last year. One very handsome and comfortable coat in seal-musquash is priced at £58; while another in the same fur, but with full Bishop sleeves, and a flounce pleated on at the sides, with pockets that obviate the need for carrying a muff, reaches £63 in value. Then there is to be seen every fashionable variety of smaller capes, ties, and muffs, skunk being the favourite pelt for this purpose. The new shape in shoulder-collars is very protective, coming up high round the throat in the latest fashion, and partly covering the chest and back; one in skunk costs about £20, but they are produced in other furs at different prices. The latest style is a delightfully protective cape reaching the waist, and falling in points over the arms. Dainty ermine, becoming white and black fox, and less costly yet still handsome furs, such as raccoon and opossum, are all available at the International Fur Store. A visit is very much the best way of buying a fur, but a finely illustrated catalogue will be sent by post to any of my readers on application.

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The man with a liver in good, active condition is always cheerful and jolly. Leave low spirits to the sufferer from biliousness, dizziness, sick headache, and upset stomach.

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LITERATURE.

Aircraft of To-Day. Mr. Charles C. Turner is one of the most dependable of the popular writers on aeronautical matters, and now that he is a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. he will have opportunities for presenting his theme in a new setting. In his latest book, "Aircraft of To-Day" (Seeley, Service), however, written whilst the war is in progress, he is obviously compelled to keep silence on many points of interest, as they might be helpful to the enemy. Indeed, like all technical books issued in war time, Mr. Turner's volume is necessarily disappointing for this reason. "Aircraft of To-Day" is, furthermore, rather misleading in its title, for the greater part is filled with ancient and historical matter, and relatively little space is devoted to modern machines. But, as the author writes in clear and entertaining fashion, his book will be most serviceable as a popular short history of aeronautical progress down to 1914, let us say. The later period, the "to-day," is dealt with in summary fashion, and very little is said about the British and French machines which have made history during the war. As the details of many of these aircraft are well known to aeronautical students in every country, there is no reason why they should not be included in this

therein by aerial vessels. I quote an illuminating paragraph which shows how much the War Office has learned in the last few years: "Here it must be placed upon record that early in the war British artillery officers, as a rule, had little faith in the efficiency of aerial observation, and the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service found a difficulty in co-operating with them." Yet in some important respects, even at the beginning of the war, the British flying service was better adapted for war purposes than either the French or the German! One wonders how things would have gone had the British artillery officers possessed faith in aerial observation from the first, if Mr. Turner's indictment of the gunners be correct. The book is well illustrated, and it contains an amount of miscellaneous information which renders it exceedingly good value for the money. It can be strongly recommended in particular to boys who wish to gain a good general idea of aerodynamics—and I look upon boys as the most important class to cater for in this new science.

Sir Rivers Had Sir
Wilson, Charles
Rivers

Wilson lived, we are told, his autobiography would have been extended to cover his later days and friendships, instead of being confined to the "Chapters from My Official Life" (Edward Arnold) now in our hands. The interest of the volume as it stands shows how much we have missed by his being cut off—in February last, at eighty-five—before he could complete it. These pages bring us into touch with several matters of lasting importance; many notable and some notorious figures fit through them, yet they hint at innumerable others of both that might very well have come within their survey. Sir Rivers Wilson had indeed known many men and cities, and for their proper appreciation he was more liberally educated than is usual among our public men. He had both City and associations. Before entering at Eton, he had lived in France, and after leaving it he spent a year at Hesse-Darmstadt. Next followed Balliol, where Jenkins was then Master—a curious old figure—and Jowett was still a Tutor; and, after taking his degree in 1853, he passed his time during three years profitably, but in no particular occupation, and mostly,

again, in France. It was as private secretary to James Wilson (founder of the *Economist*) at the Treasury that Rivers Wilson entered upon his career of affairs, which included successively, and among other things, some years under Robert Lowe when Chancellor of the Exchequer, a short period as Comptroller-General of the National Debt, and the association in various capacities with Egypt by



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MEN OF THE M.G. CORPS AT WORK JUST BEHIND THE FRONT LINE.

The gun on the right was captured from the enemy.—[Official Photograph.]



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: MOVING NEW HEAVY GUNS TO THEIR POSITIONS.
Canadian War Records.

volume, where a chapter is wasted on "Flying in Ancient Literature," not to mention a mass of other "padding" common to well-nigh every book on aeronautics. The concluding chapters of Mr. Turner's book are of most absorbing interest, and here it is that the volume amply justifies itself to the informed reader. The author touches in general terms on the Great War, and the part played

official family before entering at Eton, he had lived in France, and after leaving it he spent a year at Hesse-Darmstadt. Next followed Balliol, where Jenkins was then Master—a curious old figure—and Jowett was still a Tutor; and, after taking his degree in 1853, he passed his time during three years profitably, but in no particular occupation, and mostly,

which he will be chiefly remembered. To the last, naturally, the greater part of his book is devoted, and extremely interesting and instructive it is, with its sidelights upon Ismail especially. But scarcely less so is the chapter on the National Debt Office, which, moreover, treats of matters such as Government annuities in an earlier day, that make very fresh reading. There are recollections of Gladstone, Disraeli, Blowitz, Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Paris, Cairo, San Francisco, and the Garrick Club—these and many more—to give variety to pages that are always well-written, good-natured, and, needless to say, discreet. They do not exhaust, but merely suggest, the resources on which Sir Rivers Wilson could have drawn. He was generous in doing so in his lifetime, it would appear, for not a few good things that have appeared in other men's volumes were his contribution.

The Founder
of Islam.

Ever since Lord Salisbury discovered that in bolstering up Turkey we had been "backing the wrong horse," the interest in Islam has somewhat declined in this country, more especially when we found out that the Young Turk was not less a Turk for being young. There has, however,

(continued overleaf)

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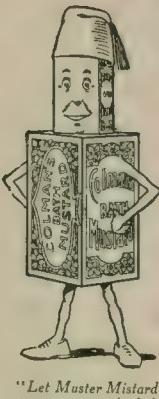
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are 9 old boys from the National Refuges. 2200 old boys from this Society are now serving in the Royal Navy, others are in over 100 British Regiments; many have been wounded, and several have already given their lives for their country. During the last 73 years the

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have saved and trained 23,000 boys and girls and made them into good citizens of the British Empire. At the present time 1200 boys and girls are being fed, clothed and trained, but the Society is

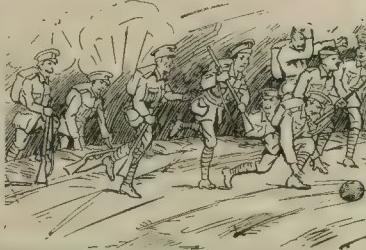
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THE "SWAN" PEN.

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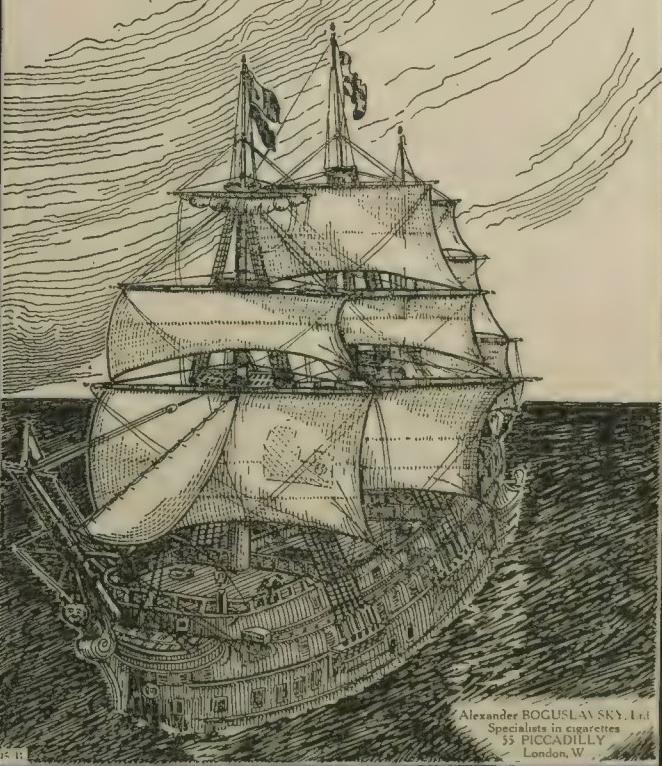
LONG years ago, strange old bluff-bowed sailing ships crept into the harbours of England laden with the golden treasures of America.

Amid the odour of tarry ropes and old-fashioned tackle was the fragrance of the choicest tobacco grown in America, that from the famed *Old Belt* district of Virginia.

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[continued] of late been a recrudescence of interest in the marvellous religion of Mahomet and in that prophet's astounding career. Recently a distinguished British nobleman has publicly proclaimed his adherence to the religion of the Middle East, and there are a number of converts to Islam in England. The writer himself knew a distinguished Englishman who confessed to him privately that he was from conviction a Mahomedan, though he did not publicly proclaim it. In "Mahomet, Founder of Islam," by G. M. Draycott (Martin Secker), an attempt has been made to give a sympathetic account of the life and work of the founder of one of the most widespread religions of to-day. The attitude of the author, however, is too Laodicean, and is neither cold nor hot, but luke-warm. It is unsatisfactory to find Mahomet represented in a sympathetic light, and yet to feel that the author regards him as an impostor. After all, was Mahomet really an impostor, or was he not rather an inspired prophet whose call was to appeal to races unprepared to receive Christianity? Perhaps Swedenborg's appreciation of this extraordinary man is more just

representation of the period, reproducing apparently without effort, the local colour of the East. The character of Mahomet is made sympathetic; we are led to forgive him his impostures, and are made to feel that he was largely a creature of circumstances, but more especially a strong man who triumphed over his enemies. Curiously enough, the author maintains a discreet silence on the question of polygamy, concerning which there is so much to say in connection with Islam. A plurality of wives was, of course, common in the East, and polygamy was by no means peculiar to Islam—on the contrary, the Mahomedan religion exerted a restraining influence on sexual relations—but it would have been interesting if the author had devoted some space to this vexed question and to the attitude of Mahomet towards marriage. He is shown to us in this book as merely an opportunist in this very important matter.

While history is in the making on a stupendous scale throughout the world, it may seem to show a lack of the sense of proportion to record the annals of one little Cumberland village in a volume of nearly 500 pages. Such a work, however, is typical of that love of country which has made possible our great national effort in the war. These remarks are prompted by a new book entitled "Cleator and Cleator Moor: Past and Present," by the Rev. Cesar Caine, Vicar of Cleator (Titus Wilson, Kendal). Mr. Caine is the author of several other topographical works and of "Barracks and Battlefields in India." His new book, which is well and abundantly illustrated, is primarily, of course, of local interest, and should be of great value to the county historian. It has, however, some wider significance, for we read that "Cleator . . . gave birth to the iron industry of West Cumberland," and there are chapters on "Geology and the Haematite Industry," sport, and the fauna and flora of the district. It is pleasant to note that the Vicar writes very sympathetically of other Christian communities in the neighbourhood. The illustrations include portraits of Lord Lonsdale and Lord Leconfield. The volume is a useful contribution to the topography of the North Country.

"EXTRA SPECIAL" AT THE KINGSWAY.

So amorphous a thing is the revue, so indefinite are its conventions, that it admits of any number of varieties, and there is no reason why the "Extra Special" variety at the Kingsway should not meet with plenty of favour. Its features are the employment of a small but well-selected chorus, examples of scenic art which aim rather at delicacy than at boldness of effect, and rippling music of the waltz type, including reminiscences of "The Chocolate Soldier" and kindred operettas. The best scene in the revue is an Irish one, in which "A Kerry Courting" is sung and enacted, and the full strength of the company is turned on for a jig. But there is sure to be admiration also for the Arcadian episode in which Dresden-china-like statuettes become animated—and vocal; and, again, for some Riviera pictures with delightful backgrounds. The artists engaged include Mr. George Barrett, whose humour is given at present too little scope; Miss Dainty Hancock, a dainty actress of promise; Mr. Lupino Lane, nimble as ever; and Mr. Albert Rees, who travesties most amusingly Grand Opera vocalists, including Caruso and Teazzini.



AWARDED THE MILITARY CROSS: CAPT. FRANK GRAHAM LESCHER, R.A.M.C. Captain Lescher, who is a son of Mr. Harwood Lescher, of Prince Edward Mansions, Palace Court, and was educated at Stonyhurst and Caius College, Cambridge, has been awarded the Military Cross for "initiative in searching for wounded under heavy shell-fire. He repeatedly led his bearers through heavy barrage. He continued his work until he had got all the wounded to safety."



MOTOR DRIVES FOR THE WOUNDED: THE ARRIVAL AT CANONS.

Lady Islington, Chairman of the Wounded Soldiers Committee, and the ladies who have worked with her, have given many pleasant motor drives into the country, halting at mansions where refreshments were provided. Sir Arthur du Cros very kindly presented a motor char-a-banc and provided the chauffeur and the petrol, and forty visits were paid to Canons, the residence of Sir Arthur. Our photograph shows the arrival of a party there. The list of hostesses has included Lady Essex, Mrs. Duggan, Lady Ripon, and Mrs. Reginald Blair. The Hon. Secretary is Miss E. M. Sayer, and Miss Renée du Cros is one of the active workers. During the winter, men will be brought from distant suburbs, taken to a theatre, and given tea.

and more credible than the attitude assumed by, say, the author of the book under review, who writes in most charming style, and gives us a vivid and picturesque

hood. The illustrations include portraits of Lord Lonsdale and Lord Leconfield. The volume is a useful contribution to the topography of the North Country.

The response to appeals for war charities and benevolent undertakings made by the big commercial and manufacturing firms has been remarkably generous. In one case alone, that of the famous Birmingham Small Arms Company, of Birmingham and Pall Mall, the employees, from Sept. 14, 1914, to Sept. 30, 1915, subscribed no less than £15,781 for charitable objects connected with the war.

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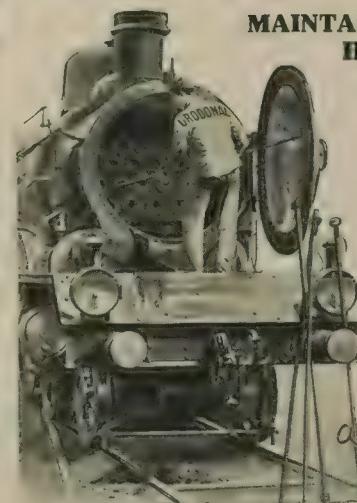
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Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents,
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The same rule applies to the human machine.

Certain blood vessels (veins and arteries) can be compared to boilers. By dint of continually working and circulating blood that is more or less loaded with impurities, their walls become encrusted and hardened, like the boiler of a clay pipe. This is **Arterial sclerosis**, the basal consequences of which are only too well known. Uric acid is the chief enemy, inasmuch as it is always present in excess whenever nutrition is disturbed. It paralyses the heart, and is in some cases the sole cause of certain diseases of this organ (Pericarditis, endocarditis, etc.).

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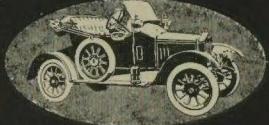
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Yours gratefully,

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Wolsey especially, because then you can be sure of clean, pure wool, of perfect fit and comfort, and of long-enduring service. You can be sure also that what you get is British!

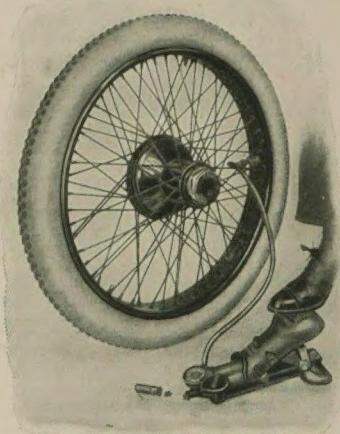
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Lights on
Animals.

In the days before the war it was as much as one's peace of mind was worth to advocate any measure that would tend to the greater safety of the roads. There was, for instance, an amazing controversy that raged around the question of whether or not farm-wagons should carry lights at night. On the one hand, it was urged that an unlighted vehicle of any kind was a menace to the safety of other users of the road. On the other, the farmers and those who thought with them averred that the suggestion was the outcome of a sinister plot of the motoring interest to drive all other traffic off the highways. Besides, there was the expense of the lamp and the oil to be taken into account, and farming was even then a pursuit that did not pay its way! I know the argument sounds utterly absurd now, but it was one that was freely advanced at the time of which I am speaking. At the height of the lighting controversy some hardy wight had the temerity to suggest—after there had been a crop of accidents from collision with sheep and cattle at night—that lights should be carried to indicate the presence of animals on the highway. I remember I wrote rather strongly in support of the idea, and I have also recollections of a number of letters I received from angry correspondents who would have none of it. The matter was even discussed in Parliament, apropos the Lights on Vehicles Act; but the very idea of lights for animals was too much for the House, and the tentative proposal was dropped without even a serious effort to get it embodied in the Act. But since the war things have changed, and a measure that was the cause of really bitter controversy aforetime now becomes an accomplished fact without a whisper of complaint. Under the Defence of the Realm Act there is now a Home Office Order in force which provides that cattle, sheep, or other animals shall have their presence



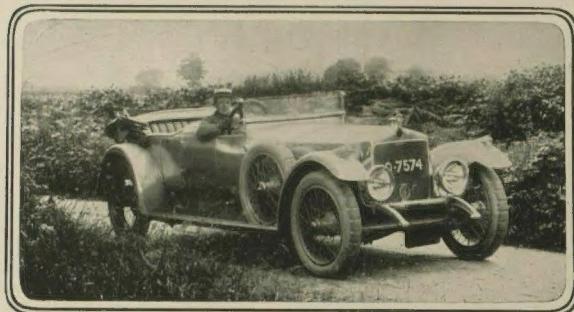
ONE OF THE DUNLOP "AIDS TO MOTORING."

A foot-pump with only three moving parts and which can be closed up into small compass to stow in the tool-drawer. This is a "no-trouble" accessory, all the working parts being protected against the ingress of dust. It will inflate an average-sized motor tyre in less than three minutes.

month!—I am afraid that if anyone anticipate that it will be even slightly reminiscent of Olympia in the days before the war, he is doomed to disappointment. The Show in question is to be held at the Agricultural Hall, beginning on Nov. 10, and is to be confined to second-hand cars only, which their owners desire or are willing to sell. What are the prospects of success I should not care to prophesy, but I sincerely wish well to the enterprise, for the reason that I think anything that will assist in maintaining the interest in motoring is to be welcomed.

More Notions
from America.

Several times lately I have drawn attention to the apparently large amount of research and experiment in motor engineering that is being carried on in America. One of the directions in which experiment seems to have been brought to a practical point is in the feeding to the cylinders of a certain amount of water-vapour in admixture with the combustible gas. The idea is by no means new. A good deal of experiment along the same lines was carried out here some years ago, but nothing practical resulted. The Americans seem to have achieved good results, as I notice that several devices intended for the purpose indicated are described in the last mail's motoring journals. One of the most ingenious of these draws the wet vapour from above the water in the radiator, and is controlled by a hand-operated valve by which the proportion of vapour can be varied as necessary. It is claimed that not only does a proportion of water-vapour in the mixture tend to a higher engine-efficiency, but that it almost entirely prevents the deposition of carbon on pistons and the walls of the combustion-chambers. So far as concerns the claim for better power, this may be conceded. Experiments even of a relatively crude nature have demonstrated that a small amount of water added to the charge does in fact increase the efficiency, but the trouble usually is that the means

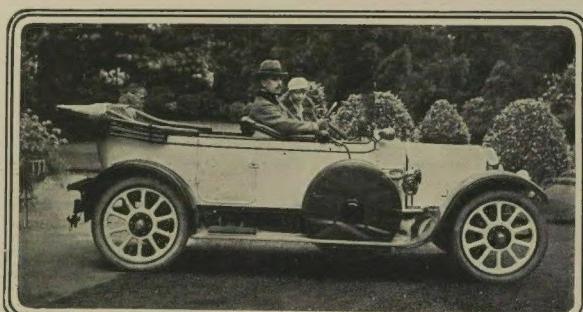
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A WELL-DESIGNED "LANCHESTER" CAR: A HANDSOME NEW MODEL OF THE SPORTING TYPE OF CHASSIS DE LUXE "LANCHESTER."

This admirably turned-out car, with its essentially Lanchester mechanical features, is likely to prove very high in favour for its appearance as well as for its mechanical excellence.

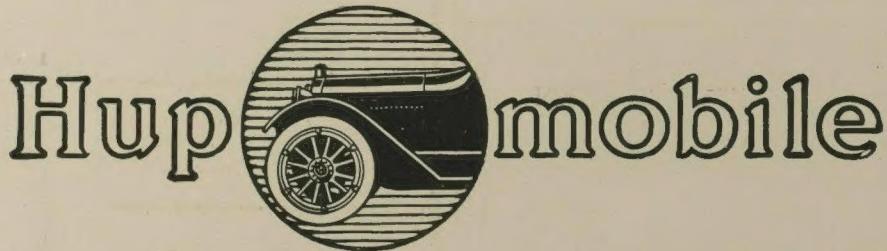
on the road indicated at night by a white light carried by the person in charge. Where the drove or flock exceeds twenty in number, two lights must be carried. Undoubtedly this Order will assist materially in rendering the roads safer to all classes of traffic, and it is much to be hoped that this, at any rate, will not prove to be one of the measures that is to remain in force for the duration of the war only.

A Motor Show We are actually this Month! to have a Motor Show this



A WELL-KNOWN J.P. IN A FAVOURITE CAR: MR. T. FORRESTER CLAYTON IN HIS "ROVER" CAR.

The car shown in our photograph is a handsome specimen of an up-to-date "Rover," and the owner, who is at the wheel, is a well-known Justice of the Peace of Brentford, Middlesex.



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"We believe the Hupmobile to be the best automobile of its class in the world"—and what we believe, Hupmobile owners all over the world know.

That is Hupmobile reputation.

Ask anyone who knows cars, whether Hupmobile owner or not, and he will tell you two things.

First, that the Hupp Motor Car Corporation has never brought out a poor car.

Second, that any Hupmobile model is a wonderful value for the money.

A study of our specifications, a tour through our factory, an enumeration of the tests we employ to insure quality in material and workmanship, all prove one thing; namely, that we are not blind or boastful when we say that "we believe the Hupmobile to be the best automobile of its class in the world."

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Hupmobile Models: 5-seater, 7-seater, 2-seater, sedan, and 5-seater and 2-seater with detachable winter tops. Motor: Four-cylinder, 95 m/m bore, 140 m/m stroke. (3½" x 5½"). Transmission: Three forward speeds and reverse; multiple disc clutch. Rear Axle: Floating type, spiral bevel gear. Cam-shaft and crank-shaft bearings, bronze shell, babbitt lined. Long wheel base (119" on 2 and 5 seater, 134" on 7-seater.) Tyres: 880 x 120 m/m or 34" x 4" on 2 and 5 seater, 920 x 120 m/m or 35" x 4½" on 7-seater. Electric starting and lighting; ventilating, rain vision screen; one-man hood; quick-acting side curtains; door curtain carriers; deep upholstery; speedometer; robe rail, foot rail and carpet in tonneau; non-skid tyres on rear; five demountable rims; tyre-carrier, pump, jack and full set of tools. Magneto ignition, wire wheels, special colours, khaki hood and seat covers at small additional cost over list price of car.

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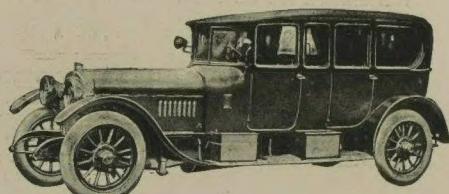
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has been proved not only by the exploits of Sunbeam cars in and out of the war zone but also by the achievements of

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES.

Sunbeam productions, both as regards cars and aircraft engines, have gained the greatest of all records—that of unfailing good service under the abnormal conditions reigning in the area of hostilities. Bear this in mind when you select your post-war car.

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BOTTLE GREEN VELOUR COATS

QUIET, unobtrusive shades of wool velour are now particularly fashionable both for street coats and suits. Wine, mole, and especially bottle green, are most in demand. Indeed, so much so that bottle green velour is now almost unobtainable.

Street Coat, in best quality soft-finished wool velour. Cut with fitting back and narrow belt coming from sides and finished with large natural grey opossum fur collar. In black, navy, wine, mole, and bottle green.

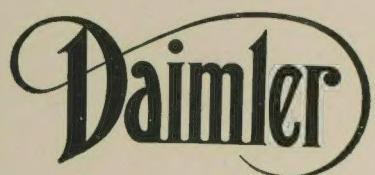
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HINDLEY'S STOCK OF
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"The Motor Manual" on the



Sleeve Valve Engine

*Comparing the Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine
with the ordinary poppet-valve engine.*

"**B**Y the elimination of the usual tappet valves, a very smooth and noiseless action is obtained, and the large ports in the sleeves give the utmost freedom to the inlet and exit of the gases, resulting in an increase of flexibility."

"The absence of any pockets and projecting parts in the combustion-chamber avoids all pre-ignition risks, and gives a very high fuel efficiency."

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"The engine is, as a whole, considerably simpler, neater in exterior appearance, and lighter than the ordinary type, and all working parts are enclosed and thoroughly lubricated."

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THE FASHION FOR STOCKINETTE

At the present moment Stockinette is particularly fashionable in Paris, and we have now in stock a wonderful variety of garments made in this useful and attractive material, both in Coats and Skirts, also Coats and Coat Frocks, in plain wool or silk stockinette, and also with smart fur collars.

WOOLEN STOCKINETTE SUIT (as sketch), made from best materials in a good choice of Autumn shades, trimmed fur at neck, pockets, and cuffs, as shown. Very becoming style.

PRICE 9½ GNS.

(SPORTS COAT DEPARTMENT.)

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
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Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value



Continued.
adopted for its supply is wanting in necessary precision. As to the other claim, I do not know if this is borne out in practice.

Motor-Cycling in East Africa. "With British Troops in German East Africa" is the title of a booklet just published by the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Birmingham. It gives the experiences of Captain J. F. Ashley and Lieutenant H. E. Jackson with the Motor-Cycle Corps in German East Africa, and is most interesting reading. In writing of the natives, Lieutenant Jackson says: "Needless to say, the natives have a suspicious dread of the cycles. They call us 'the young rhinoceros,' which is the most ferocious animal here. One of the Ugogo chiefs asked me if the noise the cycle made was because it was angry at having to go at such a speed. They cannot realise any vehicle not having a span of oxen to move it along." A copy of this most interesting booklet will be sent post free on application to the B.S.A. Company, Ltd., Birmingham. W. W.

The health of munition-workers is a national asset of the first importance, and it is well to know how fully the value of Horlick's Malted Milk is recognised in their behalf. The work is trying, and gastric troubles, indigestion, and general debility detract from the power of the employees to give of their best, either in quality or quantity. Horlick's Malted Milk is most sustaining and nourishing for such workers, and can be taken as a beverage with hot or cold water, or in the form of tablets, in which form it is supplied to His Majesty's Forces both direct and through the War Office and Admiralty. Full particulars of this valuable food may be obtained of Horlick's Malted Milk Company, Slough, Bucks.

Some natural apprehension has been felt as to the vintage of this third year of the war, but the reports

received from Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of 155, Regent Street, W., are satisfactory. Port, owing to favourable weather, will be very good; claret will be less in quantity, but of good colour and body; Burgundy is in the same position; but the quantity of champagne will not be large or the quality very good, owing to rain and cold. Fortunately, the 1914 and 1915 vintages were very good and abundant. Sherry is both plentiful and good. Owing to

stalls, tea, dancing, and other attractions. Tickets for tea and the whole "Fair" are only 8s. 6d., or admission after 6.15 will cost only 2s. 6d. They may be obtained at 21, Old Bond Street, the Hotel Cecil, or of Mrs. C. H. Campbell, 2, Park Mansions, Knightsbridge.

In this time of anxiety and often of bereavement, it is not necessary to emphasise the indebtedness of the public to that hard-working body the news trade, and we are sure

that many of our readers will respond to the appeal made by Lord Burnham, President, and Alderman Sir Horace Marshall, Lieut.-Colonel A. D. Acland, and Mr. William C. Parsons, Trustees, on behalf of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution. The Institution has, very properly, abandoned its yearly festival during the period of the war, and this must curtail its means for carrying out its beneficent work. We feel sure that many readers of *The Illustrated London News* will be willing to send a cheque to 15 and 16, Farrington Street, E.C., in aid of the less successful members of a trade which serves them so well all the year round.

With the usual Christmas and bazaar season demand hard upon us, it is satisfactory to know that in the big field of dolls, toys, dolls' furniture, and wares of that kind, our British manufacturers are on the alert and mean to oust the German manufacturer by beating him at his own game,

Before the war a large number of dolls and toys were imported from Germany, but that is all over now, and our British manufacturers are showing that the German wares are among the things that never need be missed. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, of 9 and 11, Lovatt Street, Stoke-on-Trent, will send their catalogue on application, showing that from their stocks, mechanical toys, dolls, trains, soldiers, and all the things suitable for presents, or for bazaar stalls, can be supplied by them to perfection. Their catalogue, which is very comprehensive, should be sent for.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A MOTOR MACHINE-GUN BATTERY LEAVING CAMP IN ANSWER TO A SIGNAL

Official Photograph.

the great demand for wine for military use, little Cognac will be made, although the vintage is quite up to the average both in quality and quantity.

The sympathetic interest shown by Queen Mary in the Star and Garter Home on Richmond Hill is sufficient in itself to ensure the success of the "Good Luck" Fair to be held at the Hotel Cecil on Tuesday, Nov. 7, from 3 p.m. to 7.30 p.m., in aid of the Overseas Fund of the Home. A "stars" programme of entertainments will be given by popular players and entertainers; and there will also be

TO CLEAR THE COMPLEXION AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

HOW A READER CURED SERIOUS SKIN DISEASES AND BLEMISHES BY USING A SIMPLE COMPOUND OF COMMON SULPHUR SALTS.

Probably there is no more thorough blood purifier, antiseptic and curative agent than common sulphur. Whether the fumes are used in a sick room as a germicide, or whether the pure salts of sulphur are taken internally as a liver stimulant, system-cleaner, blood purifier, and complexion-clearing agent, sulphur is always the implacable foe of any impurities or disease germs. Both simply cannot exist in the same room or in the same body at the same time. Our grandmothers knew what they were about when in Spring-time they dosed us as children with sulphur (brimstone) mixed with treacle to help it down. A few weeks ago I was afflicted with about the worse imaginable complication of skin diseases. There was hardly space for any more sores or rashes, and the intolerable itching and burning caused totally sleepless nights. After vainly trying numerous prescriptions, also advertised ointments and other remedies, I was prevailed upon by a friend to reach my disorders through the blood by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Kalsel compound in water every other morning, this being a common formula consisting of refined sulphur and certain other natural curative salts, which any chemist can supply at very slight cost or easily obtain from his wholesale dealer. Be sure to get the pure, refined Kalsel, which is very pleasant to take, and, of course, perfectly harmless. After using it only ten days the skin of my face and body was as soft, cool and beautiful as a healthy baby's. I have since known others to use it in severe cases of eczema, acne, urticaria, nettle rash, psoriasis, scaly skin, pimples, blackheads, etc., and invariably with wonderfully successful results. I think the Kalsel compound deserves to be better known.—H. L. N.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Do not let Grey Hairs appear.
Restore Grey or White Hair to its original colour, where the glands are not destroyed. Prevents Hair from falling off, and the Hair from coming out. Restores and Strengthens the Hair.
IS NOT A DYE.
Sold Everywhere.

This remedy, which positively prevents and cures SEA SICKNESS and TRAIN SICKNESS, has been tested on the English Channel, Irish and Baltic Seas by the leading London newspapers, who endorse its unfailing power to prevent mal-de-mer.

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The Wine the ANZACS drink.

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ASTHMA
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If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal
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FOR ASTHMA
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Used by Steamship Companies, on Atlantic Liners, Yachts, Motor Boats, Polytechnic Tours, &c., and has received testimonials from Royalty, the Nobility, Doctors, Chemists, Army and Naval Officers.

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OVER HALF YOUR PETROL SAVED.
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Hundreds of testimonials.

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Tones of the Melodious Spinet of Old
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and Romance
Tins of 20.1/2 Boxes of 50.26
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HOW I COMPLETELY CURED MY SERIOUS RHEUMATISM.

BY HARRY PILCER.

Well-known dancer finds remarkable substitute for spa treatment. In one week was able to practise his dances again; in three weeks he was permanently cured.

While on a walking tour I was thoroughly wet through, and soon had very sharp rheumatic pains in my feet and legs. My doctor ordered immediately a course of treatment at a spa, but as I soon had professional engagements to fulfil this was impossible, so I decided to try self-treatment. I found that drinking occasionally a tumbler of a mixture of a small amount of medicinal compound called *alpha saltrates* rapidly cleared all the uric acid out of my system, and made me feel better in every way. In fact, I know now it gave me for a penny or two a drink of curative water containing practically the same "saltrates" or natural medicinal and solvent qualities that I would have received at an expensive spa. To stop any twinges of pain which might be a trouble before the uric acid had been dissolved and entirely expelled, I was advised to bathe in water containing a handful of *Rendel Bath Salts*. This forms wonderfully aromatic and oxygenated bathing water, and is especially good for sore, aching muscles, or even bad foot troubles, tenderness, corns, etc. Before I commenced treatment it was painful even to walk, my muscles and joints were so stiff. After a week of perseverance I was not only able to walk without discomfort, but commenced practising my dances again, and continued to do so for months to come. The two simple, standard saltrates contained which any chemist can supply at slight cost, certainly gave me the benefits of Vichy, Marienbad, Aix-les-Bains, or other famous drinking and bathing waters, without the trouble or expense of journeying to any of them, and in three weeks I was completely cured.

DR. ROBERTS' POORMAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT FOR ALL WOUNDS and CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream, Of all Chemists, 1/3, 1/-, 5/-; or post free for stamps from BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., Bridport, Dorset, England.

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BLOODHOUNDS.
ABERDEEN (SCOTCH), FOX (Smooth and Wire), IRISH, 5 guineas; pups, 3 guineas.
GROVE END, HARROW.